The TATLER

Vol. CLVIII. No. 2053

London October 30, 1940



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Vol. CLVIII. No. 2053

LONDON · OCTOBER 30 · 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 11d. Foreign 2d.



NEW YORK'S NORWEGIAN ROYAL REFUGEES

A charming picture of the Crown Princess Märtha of Norway, with her son Prince Harald, aged three, on her lap, Princess Ragnhild, aged ten, with her two dolls (on left) and Princess Astrid, aged eight (on right), taken in America where they are staying in peace and safety with many hospitable friends who include the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mr. Frederic Schaefer who owns a delightful estate at Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Princess Märtha is the daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Västergötland (Sweden) and was married in 1929 to Prince Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway (son of King Haakon and the late Queen Maud). He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and is now living in England with his father, pending the time when their return to Norway is made possible by Britain's defeat of Germany

THE WAY OF THE WAR



By "FORE-SIGHT"

Nazis Open Falange Eyes

REPORT has it that Señor Serano Suñer, Spain's new Falangist Foreign Minister, was deeply impressed by his visits to Germany and Italy just before he took up his new office. But the impressions he brought away were not those which his hosts had intended. They seem to have made the error

Sounding "The Last Post" over a Messerschmitt's Battered Remains

This was one of the ways in which they aided Westminster's War Weapons' Week. The trumpeter is Jack Jackson, the well-known band leader, and aiding and abetting are Cicely Courtneidge and Major Kingham, Commissioner for the Metropolitan Police

of leaving him to his own devices for too much of the time, with the result that Señor Suñer dropped into conversation with all sorts of ordinary Germans and Italians.

Up to that time the leader of the Spanish Falange had imagined that it would only be necessary to introduce a copy of the Nazi system in Spain to lead that much distressed country back and up to happiness, prosperity and greater world dominion. But after a first-hand inspection of what Nazi-ism has done for Germany he has considerably modified his views. In Spain they are saying that Señor Suñer is now convinced that there can be neither happiness nor Christianity under Nazi rule.

It seems, too, that he was struck by the depression and lack of confidence which he found even among those highly placed in Berlin; nor did he get a much more encouraging reaction from his visit to Italy.

Franco's Friendly Attitude

In Madrid they say that Sir Samuel Hoare was received in most friendly fashion by General Franco when he called on him shortly

after Señor Suñer went to the Foreign Ministry. Sir Samuel naturally wanted to know whether the Caudillo was anxious to see progress made in the Anglo-Spanish commercial talks which have been going on for some time and whether it was his wish that these should be carried to a satisfactory conclusion.

General Franco has never concerned himself closely with economic matters and I should not be surprised if Sir Samuel was called upon in the first instance to run through the detail of what has been going on in the trade talks and

the actual issues involved. However that may be it is now apparent that General Franco was quick to grasp the great importance of the negotiations, and left Sir Samuel in no doubt that he could count on the personal support of the Caudillo if any obstacles were encountered on the rest of the road.

Further, every effort has been made to convince the British Government that Spain has no intention of entering the war on her own account; in other words, Señor Suñer's appointment to the Foreign Ministry does not imply any change in the foreign policy which General Franco has dictated. Incidentally, it appears that the Germans are becoming increasingly unpopular in Spain. Himmler will have to take that into account if he is trying to prepare the way for a German drive to the south.

Best Hated Nation

Time was when Adolf Hitler was reported to suffer extreme distress from the fact that he was misunderstood and disliked when he ought to be loved. Unless he has been able to steel himself against such mawkish emotions he must by now be suffering

mental tortures of the damned. Under his able direction Gern

Under his able direction Germany is rapidly becoming the best-hated nation in the world; hated by friends and foes alike. Italy already hated Germany before Mussolini made the Axis alliance. Even Ciano, who had his own reasons for loving the Nazis, hated them after he had been insulted by Hitler and Ribbentrop at Salzburg last summer.

Now M. Molotov, the Soviet Premier and Foreign Minister, hates them, too. There can be no harm in saying so, because the fact must be as obvious to Berlin as it is to Ankara, London and Washington. Writing in these notes last week I gave some indications of the way the wind was blowing, and at any time now there may be fresh news pointing in the same direction.

It would obviously be foolish to expect Russia, at the present stage in her development, to spring into the front line of resistance to German expansion. Nothing of the kind is likely to occur.

But it is of great importance to the Turks, who are determined to fight for their own independence, to know that they will do so with the blessing of Moscow and need fear no stab in the back.

General Ineuneu Takes Heart

Since Turkey was able to satisfy herself about the Russian attitude General Ineuneu has been striking a more self-reliant note in his important talks with foreign ambassadors and ministers. Until a short time ago Turkish statesmen were inclined to say "Give us more arms and then we will talk about when and where we will fight." Today they are saying "We are going to fight—in Thrace, in Anatolia, and wherever our country may be threatened. Please let us have all the arms that you can spare. We may need them."

King George and General Metaxas in Greece are proportionately encouraged. If Turkey means to defend her European territories they need have no doubt that their own determination to resist Germans or Italians, or both, will be backed up to the full by the Turkish forces. Both know that the Royal Navy and the R.A.F. will give powerful support. Both detect signs of unease and hesitation in Italian policy. Both are stimulated by the fact that the British Secretary for War could proceed at will for discussions on strategy in Cairo; that the British forces there have been reinforced, and that General Wavell now expresses a large measure of confidence.

Younger Generation in Egypt

It is no disparagement to Sir Miles Lampson, the British Ambassador in Cairo, to point out that he is old enough to be the father of young King Farouk. Indeed, I believe that the King,



"WULL YE NO CAM' BACK AGAIN?"

Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy saying good-bye to his secretary, Mr. James Seymour, at the American Embassy. The U.S. Ambassador is such a popular personality that every one over here lives in hope that though he is now retiring he may come back to us in the not distant future

in his lighter moments, refers to the ambassador as "Uncle" and approaches interviews with that imposing person somewhat in the spirit of a boy about to meet the headmaster in his study.

In fact, king and ambassador have got along quite well together. But the young and high-spirited monarch has a perfectly natural affinity for some of the younger generation of foreign society in Cairo, which is represented primarily by Italians and other non-British men and women.

Against this background it is easy to imagine that talks between King Farouk and Mr. Anthony Eden could be conducted on a more informal plane than those of the normal contacts between the King and the British Ambassador. From this point of view alone Mr. Eden's visit to Egypt should have been worth while.

Presumably King Farouk's first concern is to preserve his country intact and, so far as

possible, undamaged. He enjoys the protection of Great Britain, but he is fully entitled to form his own opinion on the determination and ability of Britain to discharge the obligation effectively. Mr. Eden will have been able to tell King Farouk things about the British war effort and strategy which must have gone far to remove any misgivings which may have been felt in the palace during the past few weeks.

Anglo-American Diplomats

A curious coincidence has resulted in Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to Washington, arriving in London on the eve of the departure for home of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy left with his usual beaming smile. For long past he has made no secret of his ambition to get back to the United States, and in conversations just before he left, with all and sundry from the Prime Minister downwards, he explained that he would not be taking up his post as ambassador

again. Washington explained that Mr. Kennedy was going home for consultations. The State Department had no reason to suppose that he would not be returning to London in the near future. Mr. Kennedy, on the other hand, explains that there is no longer anything worth while for him to do in London, but that an important mission awaits him in the States; namely, to arouse the people to a proper sense of their own dangers.

On the face of it we may conclude that the State Department is anxious to leave with Mr. Kennedy the full responsibility for relinquishing his London post. If there is to be a change it will be because Mr. Kennedy has asked for it.

Lothian in the Limelight

Lord Lothian shows that during his year in the United States he has become completely familiar with the technique of gatherings conducted under the glare of the cinema lights, and in the gentle whirr and click of the soundrecording camera. He has also learned a great deal from President Roosevelt on the need for meeting the Press freely and frankly, and the possibility, in such talks, for distinguishing between what can be quoted and what is " off the record.

Within two days of his arrival in London he was occupying the centre of the stage at such a gathering of the British and Empire Press at the Ministry of Information, and he acquitted himself exceedingly well. He is an easy talker, with a fine sense of humour and a quick appreciation of the points at which his observations, at a delicate stage in world diplomacy, should be treated as confidential. Once or twice he stopped himself in mid-delivery to tell the sound-recording men to "cut there."

Lord Lothian had some interesting things to say about the extent to which the American people recognize that the British Fleet is the one sure shield against dangers from the west. He also seemed confident that the steady flow of American munitions to Britain would continue even when it had become apparent that the British ability to pay for these in dollars was approaching exhaustion.

Lord Willingdon's Mission

Immediately after the fall of France German commercial travellers in Latin America were instructed to obtain all the orders they could

promising absolutely certain delivery from October 1, when the war against Britain would have been brought to a victorious conclusion. Like many other German promises, this one has not been fulfilled, and the fact provides an encouraging background for the mission to South America headed by Lord Willingdon.

This ex-Viceroy and ex-Governor-General of India will have less to do with the actual commercial aspects of the mission than with the functions known in the Navy as "showing the flag." He has a delightful personality, and a very clear and firm grasp of all the realities in the war situation. He should be able, if in a slightly different sense, to reinforce the excellent work done in South America by Mr. Cordell Hull, as manifested at the Pan-American Conference earlier

this year. Incidentally it is well to know that the Willingdon Mission goes out with the full approval and blessing of the United States Administration. There was a time when America was extremely jealous of Britain's commercial position in the Latin American countries, and competition, which even sometimes led to political wrangles, was fierce between British and American interests. Now progress towards some sort of Anglo-American economic union has proceeded to a point where this British initiative has been welcomed. Lord Willingdon has one thing which must recommend him: a reputation for playing strict "cricket." Continued on page 168)

May we introduce an old friend?

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THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

THEY have been working all day, hundreds of them, thousands of them. They come back from their work in droves, so noiselessly that unless I am sitting at my window I should not know that half-past five has struck. For they are all on bicycles, and as they are all going one way not so much as the tinkle of a bell is heard. Now I know Coventry well, and in comparison with Oxford there is not a bicycle in that town. Oxford should now, I think, be renamed. It is no longer a city of dreaming spires, but a hive of streaming spokes.

Now where do all these cyclists repair to in the evening after they have put their machines away for the night—I presume that nobody here goes cycling for pleasure. By the way, is the modern machine chromium-plated? At least I have seen none here that did not glisten and gleam at all times and in all weathers, whereas when I was young brightness was a matter of elbow grease and lasted after the last muddy run until the next time we took it out. Indeed cleaning the bike was as much a matter of routine as brushing one's teeth. But to resume. Where do our young men and maidens spend their evenings in this-I say it with bated breath-august and utterly boring hole? I suggest that they all go to the picture houses, of which there are five. To those who would go a trifle farther afield there are cinemas at Abingdon, Didcot, Kidlington and Wallingford, so that actually, with a trifle of ingenuity one can see a film every day in the week including Sundays.

Now what sort of fare do these strongholds of glamour offer? The answer is, of course, the best, always provided you do not mind waiting for it. I fancy that there is a whole essay in the Charles Lamb vein to be written here. Why this modern craze for immediacy? The Antipodes see the sun twelve hours earlier than we do. Actually they may be later, but for my purpose they shall see it earlier. Do we mind? Does New York mind that London rings up its theatre curtains six or eight hours before they do? I hope I have my data correct here; at least I know that when Mr. Joe Louis is knocking out some British heavy-weight our boxers over here have finished their evening's work and are sleeping soundly on their cauliflower ears.

Why, then, should there be all this impatience in the matter of the clock? And it seems to me that what is true of hours is also true of days and weeks. What do I care that New York has already seen, and gone mad over, Mr. Charles Chaplin's piece of irony at the expense of the modern dictator? So far as I am concerned that film has no more happened than the star which has not yet swum into my astronomical ken. It will happen when I see it, and not before. In this respect London is as far from New York as this planet is from the unknown star. Similarly, Oxford and its attendant townlets are as far from London as London is from New York. What London saw three months ago has not, so far as we are concerned, happened; it will happen when Oxford sees it happen and not

All things, you know, are relative. Normally when one is in town the première of a film is something which takes place before supper at some extravagantly Bohemian place like the Café Royal or the Savoy Grill. When

First Nights in the Country

one is languishing in this profound but unwitty retreat a Monday evening at any of the cinemas is something to be enjoyed after a high tea. The odd thing is that I can find no difference whatever in the quality of excitement attending the two functions. Indeed, I would say that Oxford is far more strung up about what it is going to see than any Londoner. After all, in London there are alternative attractions—theatres galore, dog racing, music halls, night clubs, parties to go to, bridge at the club, and so forth. (Be it understood that I am talking about normal

Faye as a good actress, and in which I have most admired Edward Arnold. What a first-class piece of acting is this impersonation of Jim Brady. It is a sad thing to say, but I do not believe we have any English actor capable of portraying a man of middle-age, weight, physical and moral charm, wit and generosity of mind. Mr. Edmund Gwenn, perhaps, though he is not big enough for Brady. And there my list stops; there are certainly some things that they do better in Hollywood. The next film I saw was The Swiss Family Robinson. Stephen Phillips, who is a much better poet than people think now, though he was never as good as people thought in his heyday—Stephen Phillips has a line about certain heroes of antiquity who "soon



A SCENE IN THE AMERICAN RACING FILM "MARYLAND"

This picture, which some have said is greater than Kentucky, comes to the Regal, Marble Arch, on November 1, and in this still are three of the leading lights—Brenda Joyce, who plays Linda, the heroine, John Payne and Walter Brennan, who plays William Stewart, the hero who naturally wins the big race round which the story revolves

times.) Whereas in Oxford there is the cinema and nothing but the cinema, always with the exception of one bright little repertory theatre, and one very well-intentioned music hall. But there are no night clubs-at least I have not heard whisper of any. I do not think that anybody here has any notion of what constitutes a party, and I have not met anybody who looks as if he would know what to declare holding ten spades solid to the ace, and ace, king, queen of hearts. No, it is either the pictures or going to bed at ten. And the pictures are a grand alternative either to that forbidding prospect or to walking the streets with not a mouse stirring. Even the policemen in Oxford walk on tiptoe after ten o'clock for fear of disturbing donnish

All this is not to say that I have been making the best of a bad job. Within the last few days I have seen some delicious films. The first was Lillian Russell, the picture in which I was first reconciled to the notion of Alice

as we are born are straight our friends." Well, the Swiss family which rejoiced in the name of Robinson are for me in that

I know the scorn that Stevenson poured on them, how he "groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of that dreary family." But I just cannot help it. They have always been my friends, and always will be. I like this film about them, and shall go on liking it. After this I saw History is Made at Night and, to conclude, The Hunchback of Notre Dame. Here again I marvelled at the uncanny skill of Charles Laughton getting the better of his make-up and giving a superb portrayal of the pathetic creature through the grotesque disguise instead of hiding behind it and letting the mask do the acting.

And now to make my point. I enjoyed all these films immensely and they were, to me, old and familiar. How much more, then, must Oxford have enjoyed seeing these, to them, newly minted essays in romance and adventure?

No. 2053, October 30, 1940] THE TATLER

NEW FILMS IN LONDON



"FLIGHT ANGELS" AT THE WARNER THEATRE

Wayne Morris as Pilot Artie Dixon of Federal Lines Flight 8, with Jane Wyman as Nan Hudson in the new Warner Bros. picture opening on November 1st. Nan is in love with Artie, but he is concentrating on the stratosphere plane that he and his friend Chick Farber are working on, and has no time for love. Wayne Morris and Jane Wyman were seen together in Baby be Good, another recent Warner Bros. film, a soothing and light-hearted story of the love affairs of three young couples much complicated by a baby called "Commencement" (real name Peter B. Good) with strong swallowing propensities!



DENNIS MORGAN AND VIRGINIA BRUCE

Chick Farber (Dennis Morgan) is a pilot of Federal Lines Flight 8, whose sight is bad and is forced to give up flying. Mary Norvell (Virginia Bruce) is a stewardess on the air line in love with Chick. He learns that the army is to test his plane, and against all orders takes the machine up, with almost disastrous results. He quarrels with Mary, but later they are reconciled



"RANGERS OF FORTUNE" AT THE PLAZA

Paramount Pictures presented Rangers of Fortune on October 25 with Patricia Morison as Sharon McCloud who keeps a store in Texas where the gang who have fled from a Mexican firing squad are found by the police, and Gilbert Roland as Sierra, a fire-eating Mexican and one of the gang. He was seen recently with Paul Muni in Juarez another Mexican film



FRED MACMURRAY AND BETTY BREWER

Betty Brewer, who is only thirteen, makes her film début in Rangers of Fortune, and is haîled as a discovery by Hollywood. She plays the part of Mary Elizabeth "Squib" Clayborn, who tries to help Fred MacMurray, one of the Mexican gang, to win Patricia Morison from his townsman rival, Dick Foran

LETTER FROM AMERICA By PAMELA MURRAY

Two War Relief Galas

THE "Old Guard" of New York families turned out in force at the "Help England" ball at the Waldorf, when over thirty thousand dollars was collected-a fabulous sum for one evening's entertainment. Aside from "Ali" Mackintosh (who is staying with the "Roddy" Wanamakers) and "Doris" Castlerosse, whose headquarters are Vincent Astor's San Regis, I saw very little of so-called Café Society, and a great deal of Long Island and New York Society at its generous best.

The chairman was Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, tall, fair and handsome wife of a man who has his finger in a great many pies—philanthropic, financial and political. The Aldriches enjoy Lord Lothian's infimate friendship, but at the last moment the British Ambassador had to remain in Washington instead of gracing the party as planned. However, it was very diplomatic in tone, with Mrs. James W. Gerard (whose husband was America's Ambassador in Berlin during the last war) wearing pink lamé (how quaint this must seem in London today) and Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, Mrs. Grey (whose sister was the late Duke of Marlborough's second wife) and Lady Patricia Latham standing out among the hundreds of handsome, well-dressed women. Lady Patricia's white tulle and black lace combination suited her. Mrs. Carroll Carstairs also wore black and white, but hers were white ruffles running vertically down a black skirt.

The cabaret, introduced by playwright Marc Connolly (whose shadow is growing with the years), included an all-American dress show from the great New York houses which are trying to cash-in on the eclipse of Paris, without much display of imagination. The dresses were presented by Ilka Chase, the exotic youngish actress with the Tallulah voice, whose mother, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, of Vogue, has been a power in the fashion world of at least two continents for at least thirty years. Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland, who was so popular when her husband was at the American Embassy in London (her sister, incidentally, is married to Lady Brownlow's only brother, Alex Kinloch), was there in the chic dress which she wore at the re-opening of Monte Carlo Restaurant, the night before.

Gala for French War Charities

Fefi Ferry's Monte Carlo, the first opening of which I described to you on my pre-war American tour eighteen months ago, has remained one of the smartest places to dine and dance, but there was much controversy and gossip about this opening gala, given by "Moana" Harrison Williams in aid of

French war charities.

Hardly any of the "top" Americans who spent so generously at the "Help England" ball, went to it. Débutantes with placards—
"Maintain British Blockade," "No Aid to Hitler-dominated France" picketed the doors.
Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford, for one, sent back
her tickets when she discovered what it was all about. No one in their senses here will give help to the French, knowing the Germans must be the real beneficiaries.

Of course the French Ambassador from the Vichy Government came from Washington. with much éclat, to sit on the beautiful "Moana's" right, but most of the other Europeans were Central Europeans, which may or may not be significant, and of course Ritz-barites from Paris, including Arturo Lopez of the long cigarette holder, and "Jack" Wilson who married Princess Natalie Paley, and so on. Loretta Young looked very sweet,

and Schiaparelli did a swell job as auctioneer of a diamond pin which was bought by Mr. P. E. de Rees, whom the papers described as a "Britisher."

Young married belles included Mrs. "Tom' Shevlin and Mrs. John Fell (both were painted by Elwes last year, I believe), who had Franklin D. Roosevelt, junior, at their table, but they were almost the only hundred per cent Americans, and it was all "very, very Mittersill," which those who went to the Tyrol in the days when Cecil Beaton was buying his lederhosen will understand.

More Charity News

Pretty Miss Sue Rosenberg, who used to be an annual Eden Roc-ite, is working at the British Relief Overcoat Committee, which supplies splendidly warm-lined top coats for those engaged on Home Defence in the United Kingdom. Lady Selsdon is helping. Lady Knollys, who brought her children over to Canada earlier in the summer, is working like a trojan, raising money for various good schemes. The Duchess of Leinster is putting in an eight-hour day at "Bundles for Britain," one of the biggest organizations.

Their offices on Fifth Avenue, and their shop on Park Avenue, have to be seen to be believed, always humming, always crowded with buyers, and the amount of materials exported is enormous, especially since the raids on London. Hardly a doctor or a hospital in the U.S.A. has not responded to the duchess's appeal for specific surgical instruments, and almost as many men and women are wearing the pretty



SHOWING BRITISH RAIMENT TO AMERICA

Many well-known New York socialites acted as mannequins at this dress show in aid of the United States Committee for the Care of European Children. In the picture Mrs. A. C. Forbes wearing a mulberry and pastel tweed suit and Mrs. Priscilla St. George Duke in a tailored brown and white herringbone tweed

enamel badge of "Bundles for Britain" (costing over ten shillings) as Willkie buttons.

For example, the editor of the Herald-Tribune wears one as he sits at his desk listening to his London correspondents' stories, punctuated by anti-aircraft fire which comes over the Atlantic telephone with surprising clarity. Every knitting woman (and who isn't?) wears one, and now Lord Lothian wears the one he bought from Gertrude Lawrence at the Park Avenue shop when he was last in New York. I have not yet run into Lady Abingdon, but friends tell me that she is "the best British beggar of the lot." The new Lady Lamington has been staying with Mrs. Otto Kahn, and Mrs. Robin Gurdon and her children are at one of the many Phipps' houses on Long Island. With the except of a few "night birds"

who flew from London in order to continue their outings in New York, the refugees have made an excellent impression; the mothers are all working for good causes, quietly in the country for the most part.

Newport's Red Cross Ball

Before Newport closed down for the winter in October, the residents and visitors organized a huge Red Cross Ball which made nearly a thousand pounds. Marjorie and Isabelle Meuser (the late Lady Huntly's greatnieces who were brought up and out in England and Scotland by the Huntlys) ran this most efficiently with the help of three other girls, including Hélène de Limur, Paris débutante No. 1 last year.

Governor William Vanderbilt (the young and admirable Governor of Rhode Island who has proved that a Vanderbilt can work, and how) was with his wife. Lady Cunard was with her host, Dr. "Ham" Rice, the explorer who has a magnificent library on South America, housed in his Newport palace, which is a large edition of the Petit Trianon. He also treasures some Thackeray first editions and a drawing of the great Victorian novelist.

Dr. Rice is one of those who say that "Henry Esmond" is the finest novel in the English language; one can no more contradict him than put a damper on the enthusiasm of Gilbert and Sullivan fans who are flocking to a new season of the opera in New York, by a new young company who neither jazz Sullivan, as the negroes did last winter, nor ape the D'Oyly Carte traditions.

Two Weddings

Alice Marble proposed the bride and bride-groom's health when Elwood Cooke married Sarah Palfrey at an all-tennis-star wedding in New York, while at the Long Island wedding of the youngest Grace girl to Alan Corey, junior, forty ushers from Harvard "cut in" on the lovely bridesmaids in blue crinolines at the subsequent dance. The Grace-Eyre lines were represented by Lady Gainsborough, among many others, with her daughter Lady Maureen Noel, who is now working at the British Embassy. Another ex-Londoner was young Mrs. Danielson (née Chris Andreæ).

The bride is a great-niece of the late Berry Wall, whose posthumous memoirs "Neither Pest nor Puritan" are selling well. Her uncle, Harvey Ladew, former Master of the Hartford Hounds at Baltimore, made a splendid appearance, but said that his heart is not in any party these days-too much of it attaches to London. He stayed on Long Island over the Piping Rock Horse Show, a very attractive four-day affair, full of children, dogs and horsey people in Highland tweeds. Mrs. "Brose" Clark, late of Melton Mowbray, helped judge.



Long Island Week-end
Mr. and Mrs. Perry Osborne spending a week-end
at Long Island. He is a former U.S. diplomat who
was at the Embassy in London. Their son
would have been at Eton now but for the
war. Mr. Osborne's father founded the famous
New York Natural History Museum



THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER
"Bundles for Britain," is the largest
War Charity organisation in New York,
with an office in Fifth Avenue, where the
Duchess of Leinster is seen arriving.
She works eight hours a day in the
surgical instruments department

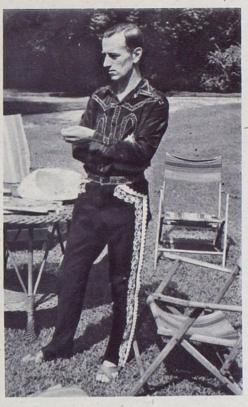


FAIR WAR WORKER IN AMERICA
Mrs. Harry Bull is a beautiful young
New Yorker, well known in the intellectual
world of artists and writers. This snapshot
was taken of Mrs. Bull helping at a garden
fête for Britain

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



On Long Island
Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Johnson, who are keen
workers for the Red Cross, are seen with
Mr. "Ned" Potter, the octogenarian Steward
of the U.S. Jockey Club and surviving founder
of the Turf and Field Club at Belmont Park,
New York's leading race-course



MR. HARRY A. BULL

The brilliant young editor of America's
"Town and Country," Mr. Harry A. Bull,
was photographed at a week-end on Long
Island wearing a New Mexican's cowboy
outfit. He is busy furthering Mr. Wendell
Willkie's Presidential campaign



A REFUGEE FROM PARIS

Also helping at the garden fête for Britain is American-born Comtesse de Mun, who was fortunate in escaping to hen native States from France just before the German occupation, which is turning France into a slave State



AND LADY ANGELA PEPYS; (ALSO BELOW) WITH MARYE AND THE NEW ARRIVAL



LADY ANNE LARNACH-NEVILL, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

SANCTUARY IN OXFORDSHIRE, AT THE CASTLE HOUSE, DEDDINGTON No. 2053, October 30, 1940]





IN CASTLE HOUSE GARDEN: LADY ANGELA PEPYS AND HER CHILDREN

Photographs: Miss Compton Collier
THE COUNTESS OF LEWES, AND ANNE

Lady Angela Pepys and Lady Lewes are sisters-in-law, as Lady Angela is Lord Lewes' only sister. They are two of the three children of the present Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the third one being Lord Rupert Larnach-Nevill. The Castle House, Deddington, Lord Lewes' Oxfordshire sent, is as near an approach to sanctuary as can be found in a front-line war position such as this land is at the moment, and but for black-visaged war, could be written down a good imitation of Paradise. Lady Lewes, who was married in 1938, is the fourth daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, he being a great pillar of polo in happier days, and Jack to his hordes of friends; and Mrs. Harrison is Lord and Lady Burnham's elder daughter

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler," in Town and Country

War Travel

E went to Scotland by day, and came back by night. methods were slow: of course, by "day" one means a night en route, but trains are likely to run nearer to time. At night there is the "raid belt" which you are bound to run into sooner or later—a sort of doldrums, in which the train buries its head in its hands and stays as quiet and still as can be for hours on end.

Lying in a stuffy atmosphere under a layer of smuts is all very well when progress is being made, but apt to produce a sad frame of mind when that ceases. Restaurantcars are few, too, and you have the choice between forethought and fasting. ever, trains do run merrily in all directions, however far, and only the minimum of persistence and endurance is required to get wherever you want.

The Highlands were looking lovely: very mysterious and remote in the light of an enormous hunter's moon, almost as one would imagine the moon itself. And by day fairly splurged with autumn tints, rocketing up at all angles with the lie of

I like the way they have up there of making groups of small, round hay or straw ricks, instead of single big square ones as in England. Like little individual pork pies, surely very tempting and appetising to the farouche cattle, with their hair in their eyes, who have stepped straight out of the gilt frames in the billiard-rooms and passages of everyone's childhood. The soil is of everyone's childhood.



SEEN IN LONDON

Mrs. John Dewar and Mrs. Coombe outside a famous hotel. Mrs. Dewar, the former Mrs. McNeill, is the charming wife of that popular personality, the owner of the 1931 Derby winner, "Cameronian"



MAJOR LORD SCARSDALE

Caught in the camera barrage last week. Lord Scarsdale's parent regiment was The Greys, but since then he has become a Mobile Anti-aircraft gunner. He is the owner of historic Kedleston, and a nephew of the famous Viceroy, the late Lord Curzon

chocolate-brown loam, and largely used for growing potatoes, which were being "lifted" by machinery. Women and children were busy helping to pick them up.

Castles in the Highlands

ADY LOVAT and her little son have moved out of Beaufort Castle into a smaller house on the estate. Lord Lovat is with the Lovat Scouts, famous local Yeomanry. He used to be in the Scots Guards, and his wife was Miss Rosamund Broughton. His mother, Laura Lady Lovat, is President of the Red Cross up there.

Near Nairn, Lady Cawdor is living at Cawdor Castle, while her husband is away in the Army. She was Miss Wilma Vickers. Her uncle, the late Mr. Douglas Vickers, owned another well-known castle, which Mrs. Douglas Vickers has lent to the Government as a convalescent home, but her sister, Mrs. Merry, is living at Belladrum, near Beauly, with a house full of children, mostly relations.

Belladrum, like many Scottish houses, looks like a French château. Inside, it is a step right back into the last century: fourposter beds with curtains and bobbles, wooden curtain-rails and large wooden curtain-rings (of the prevailing wood of each room-mahogany, gilt, and so on), space, red carpets, pictures, china, comfort. restful and charming. It is always such a mistake when houses change hands and attempts are made to alter their character.

Mrs. Merry is the founder of the Ida Merry Maternity Home, in Inverness. Her

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

son, Captain Eion Merry, is in the Blues, which have just been mechanised—sad news. Surely part of them will remain mounted for the State occasions which we hope will recur in the future? Bodyguards of tanks, even brass-plated ones with floating plumes, would be very inferior to the noble animal.

Mrs. Eion Merry is living at Lucknam, their place in Gloucestershire, and working with a mobile canteen. Her mother, Mrs. Arthur Crichton, is there too.

Shooting

DEER forests are the chief sporting resource of Inverness-shire, but few people have time to do anything about them this year. It is said that the Home Guard have been combining shooting lessons with keeping down the deer.

Mrs. Clowes has been staying at Glen Affaric Lodge. Glen Affaric belongs to Mr. Warren Swire, who, I am told, is now in China. His nephew, Colonel C. A. W. Swire, and Mrs. Swire used to stay with him most years, and also with Sir Richard Holt, of Abernethy Forest, Nethy Bridge. They live in Gloucestershire, and have two attractive children, Humphrey and Annette.

While shooting is dormant, the forests remain as beautiful, and perhaps more peaceful than ever. No faint rumble of war is heard, and few lodges are ever suitable for billeting troops, because they become inaccessible, with floods and snow, for most of the winter. I like the arbitrary Army cataloguing of trees—"firs, poplars, and bushy-topped trees" is as far as they will go in specification. (Continued on page 148)



THE PRINCESS ROMANOVSKY PAVLOVSKY The former Lady Mary Lygon, the third daughter of the late Lord Beauchamp, and a sister of the present peer. In 1939 she married morganatically, according to Legiti-mist Russia, Prince Vsevolode of Russia



Well-knowns at the Mallow Steeplechases

Mrs. John Beck, the former Miss D. Pim, the famous lady golfer, the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Lord Cowley's half-brother, whose training H.Q. are at Osborne Lodge, Kildare, Miss D. Shepherd, daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Shepherd, a former Duhallow Master, and Miss A. Chute, who hunts in Limerick



THE WINNER OF "THE CORINTHIANS" "CHASE

Miss P. O'Brien leading in "Halloment," owned by her father and nicely ridden by Mr. J. de Bromhead, snapped at the proud moment after he had won the Churchtown Plate at Mallow, which was the gentlemen riders' reserved contest in the card, which was a very good one

SPORTING DOINGS IN SOUTHERN IRELAND



More Mallow "Celebs."

Mrs. Fleming, her son, Mr. T. A. Fleming, an Irish racing official whom everyone knows and likes, and Mr. H. J. Kirwan, the Irish National Hunt handicapper. Mrs. Fleming is the widow of "Baron" Fleming, who was a great landmark in the Irish racing world



A GREAT JUMPING PONY AND "JOCKEY"

The pony "Patience" is thirteen and her good little "jockey,"
Anthony Scannell, of Cork, fourteen, and between them they have
won fifty jumping prizes. At the Kilkenny show this pony cleared
5 ft. 11 in., a good deal more than her own height

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

Recalling Disaster

LADY ROSS is at Cromarty, still recovering from the disastrous cloud-burst that nearly wrecked the castle last August. Apparently the cloud burst bang on one of the two rocks that guard the inlet of the sea there, water swept all through the downstairs rooms, and furniture was swept out wholesale into the sea. It must have been a terrifying experience, and Lady Ross, who was there at the time, suffered from shock.

The Duke of Richmond's Gordon Castle is on the other side of the Caledonian Canal. The garden produce is now marketed, and



A CAMOUFLAGE EXPERT AT HOME
Mr. Richard Lonsdale Hands, his wife and
their six-months-old son, George, at their
abode, the Old Boat House, Windsor.
Mr. Lonsdale Hands is a specialist at making
things look like something quite other than
what they really are

splendid peaches were to be had for fourpence each and apricots for a penny, almost inducing neighbouring gardens to abandon their expensive peach houses, especially in the stress of men being called up and taxation mounting.

Long Walk

WE lunched at one of the non-gaps in Soho, and decided to go to a cinema, preferably one containing Mickey Rooney, of whose presence at one of the main cinemas I had read. It wasn't far to walk to the Leicester Square-Haymarket district, but rather defeating when we got there. Mickey Rooney must have been among the Leicester Square casualties: or maybe he was just "off" in the ordinary way. Spencer Tracy was still holding up a corner of the ravaged Square, so we decided on him.

Then it turned out that we each thought the other had some money, whereas all there was between us was tenpence of mine. So while we hovered on the kerb in consternation, a lame photographer with an ancient tripod took advantage of us as both isolated and sitting birds, and "developed" a small oblong of tin in a bath of acid while we continued to wait.

It was nearly black and quite horrible-looking, and he wanted a shilling for it. So I gave him the tenpence, and there we were. Nothing to bus or telephone with, and Sunday too, so nowhere much to cash a cheque. We listed all the possible places and started to walk around them, much healthier than a cinema, of course, but a bit exhausting towards the end (which was, at the very last, successful).

In London

MISS ROSEMARY KERR, contained in the huge folds of her Civil Nursing Reserve uniform, was out dining last week with her sister, Mrs. Maurice Liddell, and Commander Balfour. Admiral and Mrs. Mark Kerr, her father and mother, are, she told us, both Air Raid Wardens, and experts with the stirrup-pumps that are one of the new features of life. Young girls are presumably now taught how to work a stirrup-pump rather than how to cook, dance, or the other ladylike accomplishments.

Prince Starhemberg is out and about a lot, having a drink here, lunching there, and dining, undaunted, in some of the few places still open at night. Another distinguished foreigner occasionally to be seen is Admiral Muselier. Miss Claire Luce crops up a good deal, and Miss Erica Greer looked jaunty in bell-bottomed trousers.



LUNCHTIME IN LONDON

Lady Warrender and Mr. G. H. Villiers, who is a kinsman of Lord Clarendon, en route to lunch one day last week. Sir Victor Warrender has been Member for Grantham since 1923 and is Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty

Mrs. Pamela Tiarks, who wears no hat and a mop of curls, gets out plenty, too.

Stupidity

I have to apologise for complete half-bakedness. The other day I met a nice young man called Hallam Tennyson, whom I promptly questioned about himself. He was kind enough to answer, but the results went into my head like bits of paper into a hat and came out very unshuffled, so that I said on this page that he was the brother of Michael Balcon, the film director, and married to Nova Pilbeam. In fact, Mr. Balcon is not a film director, though as production head of Ealing Studios he did produce Convoy. He is not married to Nova Pilbeam, nor is he Mr. Hallam Tennyson's



AN OXFORD CHRISTENING LAST WEEK
The Hon. Francis and Mrs. Pakenham, with
their little daughter, who was given the
names of Judith Elizabeth at her christening
last week. The Hon. Francis Pakenham is
the Earl of Longford's brother and heir
presumptive and his house is Singletree,
Rose Hill, Oxford

brother. Mr. Penrose Tennyson, however, is, and is also married to Nova Pilbeam. I have no excuse, but I couldn't be more sorry.

The Tennyson brothers are great-grandsons of the Poet Laureate,

Cornwall

CORNWALL is about the last place in England where you can still get absolutely undisturbed nights, and although thousands of people are evacuated there, the enormous coast-line absorbs them easily, so that they are hardly noticeable.

Tregonan, which belongs to Lord Falmouth, is one of the biggest houses in Cornwall, with a drive well over four miles long running through parkland and woods. At one entrance there is a fascinating stone archway with the most enormous wooden doors, like a portcullis. A famous treaty was signed on the bridge outside, between the Cavalier and Roundhead armies, by which the whole of Cornwall was made over to Cromwell, whether it liked it or not

No. 2053, October 30, 1940]



A DISTINGUISHED REFUGEE
LADY PATRICIA LATHAM
IN NEW YORK

Taken by Geoffrey Moss for "Town and Country"

Lord Drogheda's daughter by his first marriage was at Newport as a refugee from unrestful England all through August and September, but since then has been in New York, working for various organisations which send aid to Great Britain. In 1933 she married Sir Paul Latham, owner of that marvellously attractive place, Hurstmonceaux Castle, which dates back to 1440 and is therefore as old as Eton. He is serving in a Territorial artillery unit

PICTURES IN THE FIRE By "SABRETACHE"

HIS war has brought about many things which were not expected. I venture to suggest that amongst the most extraordinary are the complete disappearance of (a) the Loch Ness monster, who was all the rage from about 1934 to 1938, and (b) the fairies in Southern Ireland, who were also quite popular just before the outbreak. It would be a horrid thought that Plesiosaurus Macrocephalus (of British birth, Jurassic Period-150,000,000 years ago) had been so maladroit as to go to sea viâ the Moray Firth, and got himself untimely torpedoed by a U-boat in mistake for a ship full of children, but this possibility cannot be ruled out, for he was a very sizeable beast, and, as his dossier tells us,

when he would have been most useful as an "escape."

THIS journal (viâ this person) has been asked to make known a most admirable scheme to help our warriors standing-to in various more or less benighted spots through the coming winter, when boredom may become most acute. Major Glossop, of Bramwith Hall, near Doncaster, the Social Welfare Officer for Troops, has started the commendable idea for a complete mobile talkie-cinema unit to tour the Northern Command during the winter months (if the necessary money can be obtained), to cheer up the men of all branches of the Service, including A.-A. guns and searchlights,

stationed in the "wilds of nowhere," unable to get away to the cheerful warmth and comfort of town cinemas. "This cinema on wheels, however, is going to cost £300," says Major Glossop.

It must be remembered that most of

these military outposts have no electricity, and therefore a generator will be required to produce the current; and he is asking the public to provide more than the £300 required for purchase, in order to provide for film hire and maintenance expenses; and he is particularly appealing to cinema lovers. He has a plan which he is going to put to all cinema managers in the area. Briefly, it is that cinema patrons attending cinemas be asked to contribute a mite towards an appeal for "Talkies for the Troops.

"If every cinema patron paid a few cop-pers towards the 'Talkies for the Troops Fund,' the £300 would be collected in a very short time.' I quite agree, and have only one little suggestion: why confine this to one Command? People east, west and south are quite as apt to get bored stiff. I feel sure there will be no difficulty about money, and a good idea would be to ask cinema managers to advertise the scheme on the screen. They would, like a shot.

IT is very tactless, to put it no higher, on the part of the Bull-Frog of the Pontine Marshes, to have offended Moslem suscepti-bilities at this particular season of the year, because the close of the fasting month, the Ramazán, usually finds the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable. It is the period when the first glimpse of the new moon, which rules the division of the Moslem year, is looked for with the utmost anxiety and hailed with acclamation. Omar Khayyam has a charming quatrain about this, one that is not included in "The Rubá'iyát," and here it is for your delectation:

Be of Good Cheer-the sullen month will die And a young Moon requite us by and bye: Look how the old one, meagre, bent and wan With age and fast, is fainting from the sky!



WITH THE COMPTON MOUNTED PATROL HOME GUARD

This highly efficient patrol, twenty-four strong, and each man mounted on his own horse, was personally formed by Major George Dunkin and is at present commanded by Mr. George Beeby, the famous Melton trainer, and the above picture was taken the day the unit was inspected. The names are, l. to r.:

Major George Dunkin, commanding the Compton

Company, Col. Currey, G.S.O.I. South Midland Area, the Inspecting Officer, Major Carr, M.C., the Battalion Commander, and Col. Walton, the Zone Commander

he was very fond of the sea. And now he has vanished entirely. Thank goodness we have some photographs of him, and many eye-witnesses. Sir Arthur Keith never actually saw him, but he considered him just as possible as the okapi, a mere stripling by comparison, with a pedigree of only 2,000,000 years, and the Tarsius, a little primate of Borneo, who could boast of a lineage of 30,000,000 years. Both these last-named are still more or less flourishing, so why, argued the learned scientist, should people turn down Macrocephalus, just because his numerous fans could only produce a few footprints? "Macro," if indeed "Loch Ness" was he, had no feet, only flippers. If he is in fact Brontosaurus Excelsus (a 60-footer), or Diplodocus (a 90-footer), the footprints would have been perfectly good evidence, for each of these had four rather bandy legs. Anyway, our old friend has gone just at the very moment



THE NEW W.O. TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE HOME GUARD Someone must have said something funny to the Under-Secretary of State for War, Sir Edward Grigg, for no one laughs like that when he is having his photograph taken. The occasion was the opening of this new training school, somewhere in England

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Nothing takes its place THE TATLER No. 2053



The work of this excellent painter of landscapes, horses, portraits and circus life is particularly fami recent memory, and one of quite outstanding merit was that of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Royds Pow in which Captain Edward Seago greatly delights. He recently painted an admirable portrait of Lord owner's racehorses. During recent years reproductions of many of Captain Seago's pictures have appeounced of war the artist has been

на R 30,- 1940,



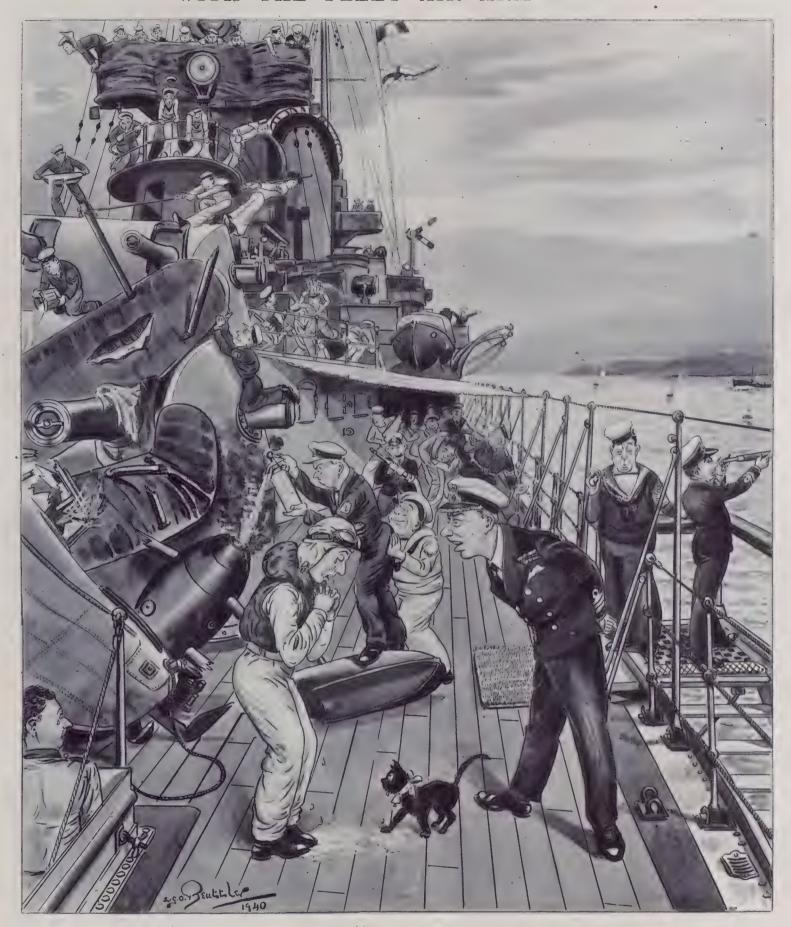
I ram the funding is Cuttien I to and Soirs, R.L.

ATER SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

the readers of this paper. Portraits of many distinguished officers of the fighting services are of very now commanding the British troops in Northern Ireland. It is, however, a subject such as the above y's famous horse, Hyperion, winner of the 1933 Derby, and he also painted some more of the same in book form with accompanying verse by John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. Since the outbreak in the Royal Engineers



WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 11



THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER BY WING COMMANDER E. C. OAKLEY BEUTTLER

This exciting picture deals with a by no means impossible occasion. Some people in the Fleet Air Arm say that the story hanging to it is a classic joke! However, here it is for judgment. A "Walrus" 'plane has come to grief on the quarter-deck of the ship to which she belongs, and the Commander, a stickler like all N.O.s for the King's Regulations and naval etiquette, strides up to the somewhat shaken pilot, and says: "Why the devil didn't you salute the quarter-deck when you came aboard?" Not to salute the quarter-deck is a hideous naval crime

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Jealous of Happiness

OW queer it is-but haven't you noticed it quite often? - that quite a large number of people dislike to see other people appearing happy! Especially if they cannot share that happiness; though they may well be just the kind of people who temperamentally would not be able to do so, even if they might. Two or more persons making of life, in spite of difficulty, a pleasant pathway, attracts scant sympathy. It is as if there were a kind of jealousy, a kind of "sour-grape-ism," which annoys their subconscious moods beyond belief. So one of the great difficulties in both a happy friendship and a happy love is that someone, sometimes a body of persons, will try to wipe out that tiny smile

in the midst of life's usually drab and difficult process. I have known even laughter meet with

disapproval.

You have only to observe the effect of its tonic quality on the half-dead corpses which congregate in the public lounge of any hotel to realise how unpopular it is. Their disapproval rises, so to speak, from their knitting or their books in a wave of blighting umbrage. Indeed, the laughers would be more popular all round if they burst into tears. Which is strange, but quite true. It is, I suppose, caused by the fact that most of us do in reality find our inner gratification, not by congratulating ourselves that we are more fortunate than some, but that some people are more unfortunate than ourselves. Probably it is only a gratification of the subconscious, but it is manifest in all directions and all through life. In fact, I am convinced that this subconscious jealousy of even the outward appearance of passing happiness and the subconscious desire of people to dominate and manage other people is at the root of half the misery and frustrations of life.

Even I, who the longer I live the more intent I become in ploughing my own wee plot of land, am for ever, in a metaphorical sense, repairing the barbed-wire entanglement with which people who like to fashion their own lives are obliged to encircle them. No wonder, the longer one lives, the more clearly one realises that the only way to make the most of existence is to keep the vast majority of people at a polite but very definite distance. There are so few people who really understand and love you; so many who want to use you merely as a trimming or as a convert to their own ways of thought and action. Their first reaction is to take, so very rarely to give. And yet, without this love of giving,

life becomes just an act of endurance with a meaningless objective.

Even if you meet with ingratitude-and you are almost certain to meet with that if you give long enough and generously enough-it is not merely the dour reward of too great an affection. Much has been gained by the giver; still more has been

learned: And, thank heavens! after the first shock of disillusion, there still remain all those things which make life permanently beautiful—art, music, literature, nature, poetry; all that loveliness which scarcely anything can ever touch, much less harm, be it war or loneliness or that form of inner despair which is numbed, so to speak, by its own desperation. In any case, presently will come smiles and laughter and they will gradually bury beneath the surface form of living that sorrow which once seemed as if it would never lose its acid quality.

A Book to Smile Over

THE difficulty in these days, alas! is to allow pessimism to obliterate the beauty of existence which yet remains. I



Miss Compton Collier

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES FORDYCE AND HER CHILDREN A recent picture taken at her home, Skipton Castle, in Yorkshire, of Lord and Lady Windlesham's second daughter, who was married in 1935 to Captain Charles Elphinstone Fordyce, late Seaforth Highlanders, with her two children, John Stewart Elphinstone Fordyce, aged four, and Sheila Mary Rose, born last year. Captain Fordyce, aget tour, and Sheha that y toos, south ast year. Captain Fordyce rejoined his regiment at the outbreak of War, but is temporarily released to serve with the War Agricultural Committee. His father-in-law, Lord Windlesham, formerly Sir George Hennessy, is Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party

am experiencing it myself. Two years ago I might have enjoyed the loveliness of hill and dale which at present surrounds me. Now, I must confess, it has nothing to give me, and I am in no mood to receive it even though it gave. I know well I am idiotic. It is foolish to turn coldly away from something which might, in ordinary circumstances,

By RICHARD KING

give me intense delight. Yet most of us are, rather like this to-day. How much better for us, therefore, if, with an effort, we turned aside from war and suffering and loss and that spiritual blankness which is the sum total of present-day events. Turn aside, push them all into the back-ground of actual consciousness, and pretend—or pretend to pretend, at least. So one would enjoy such amusing light literature as Angela Thirkell's new novel, "Cheerfulness Breaks In " (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.).
I know it may require an effort to capture

the proper mood to appreciate Mrs. Thirkell's cheerfulness, but the effort will be well worth while, because, after the first struggle, Mrs. Thirkell would do the rest off her own

lively pen. I defy anyone—or almost anyone, shall I say?—not to become more cheerful after reading this story of England in wartime. Not, of course, an England at war, but an England which goes on living, with wisdom or complete silliness, in spite of the enemy hovering above. Let me warn you, however, that if you know your Angela Thirkell you will either thoroughly enjoy the story or you will not. It is typical of all her tales and the manner, of her approach to life and character the same as usual. Be her sense of humour in your line of country, so to speak, you will have grand entertainment.

From the problems attached to the evacuation to Southbridge of the Hosiers' Boys' Foundation School, to the rich and dreadful Warburys, and the Mixo-Lydian evacuees, of which Mme. Brownscu alone is worth a lot to meet and laugh at, there is at least a broad smile on every page. Then there is the novelist, Mrs. Morland, who can achieve the complete banality in the grand manner. Incidentally, too, there are three mildly exciting love-stories thrown in to link the smiles together; at the end of which three enchanting young women pair off with three somewhat strange young men — as modern young men go. It is all completely soufflé, so to speak, but it is mixed and cooked by an expert. And that is no bad quality in wartime, when most meals are, metaphorically speaking, too much like increasing the dead weight of an indigestible dish. Moreover, there is, here and there, a thread of tenderness running through the pattern of laughter and all humour should possess this kind of subtle tenderness for its victims - which makes it far removed from a series of mere giggles. In fact, only when this smiling tenderness is least apparent, is Mrs. Thirkell less successful in her drawing of queer, but very human people. Her headmaster of a

London secondary school has only to be met to be disbelieved. Otherwise, the story is a story of people everybody knows more or less, and to meet them—or, rather, to know them as Mrs. Thirkell knows them-is to let cheerfulness break in without an effort on our part; let alone a defence.

(Continued on page 158)



SIR GERALD HANSON—TRANSPORT OFFICER

Grove Lands' owner, not only goes round collecting supplies, but also collects for his wife's penny-a-week Red Cross Fund, which is doing extremely well

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN SUSSEX: GROVE LANDS, HENFIELD, NOW A WAR SUPPLY DEPÔT



Some of Sir Gerald Hanson's Hunters and a Humble Friend

Lady Hanson and son giving the steeds some "levenses." Sir Gerald Hanson
is one of the few people hunting to-day who hunted with Tom Firr in old

Quorn times, when so much hunting history was made



"Pincho's" moments of relaxation are quite first-class.
Anthony, called "Jumbo" for short, is the only child by
Sir Gerald Hanson's third marriage. Lady Hanson was
formerly Miss Flora Blennerhassett



And one of them is not so sure that it is so funny as all that. Lady Hanson is doing fine work running this supply depôt collecting for the Royal Sussex Hospital and the Central Hospital, and also for woollies for the Navy

Photos.: Swaebe



A Nursery Group

Mr. Richard Hanson, formerly 10th Hussars, Sir Gerald's son and
heir by his first marriage, little Anthony, his half-brother, and Lady
Hanson and one "Pincho," goat and jester to the establishment



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Autobiography of Some Restless Years 'THE autobiography is a continuation by Faith Compton Mackenzie of her earlier book of memoirs; the title, "More Than I Should" (Collins; 12s. 6d.); the years, 1918 to 1935. They were certainly restless years for the author. As most



LADY LEY AND MAJOR WASHINGTON
HIBBERT

Lady Ley, formerly Miss Mabel Annie Brocklehurst, sister of Sir Philip Brocklehurst, of Swythamley Park, near Macclesfield, is seen somewhere in the North, with Major Washington Hibbert, who is in command of the Home Guard in a district of Cheshire. Sir Philip Brocklehurst, who went to the South Pole in 1907-9 with the British Antarctic Expedition, served with the 1st Life Guards in the last war

people know, her husband makes almost a hobby of buying islands. Mrs. Compton Mackenzie's hobby is to furnish a house on each island, turn it into a real home, complete with a newly laid-out garden and as many modern improvements as can be installed. Then-or so it would appear-having built up a semblance of permanent background to her life, it all has to be gone through againsomewhere else. But she does not complain. One might even guess that she really enjoys it-in spite of a kind of mild denial. Time and physical endurance will tell, however, and in the meanwhile, here is another interesting and entertaining chapter of her life.

Some, perhaps, may consider this life more like a procession of new places and new friends. Neither seem to have any roots, so to speak; but for the time being they bear delightful flowers. We are, for example, on Capri at one moment, when Capri seemed to attract the oddest people in the world; then we flit to Rome, Milan, Paris. As suddenly, we are living on one of the Channel Islands;

equally suddenly—or so it appears—we are back at Capri; and then living amid puffins and seals on the Shiant Islands. Glasgow flits by, metaphorically speaking; and so does South America. Finally we come to rest on the quiet island of Barra.

And as it is with places, so it is with people. They appear to ascend one wing of some grand staircase and descend the other. In between we have shaken hands, got to know something queer or interesting—or both—about them, and then turn to greet fresh acquaintances. That Mrs. Compton Mackenzie really enjoys it, in spite of her assertion that she would prefer in life longer periods of "staying put," lends a most attractive zest to her narrative—a zest which could surely not be there if inwardly she loathed or was bored by the procession of people and events which it unfolds.

The result is a most readable book of reminiscences, in which all kinds of wellknown men and women appear, do their bit, and make way for someone else. It is all as enjoyable as a mental holiday, spent with an ideal hostess who knows how to keep us amused and interested without once losing her own personality and charm; or, better still, her own individual way of life. Moreover, we meet a lot of people most of us want-or wanted-to know: D. H. Lawrence, for example; Norman Douglas; Mme. Edvina giving singing lessons; Dr. Axel Munthe visiting a sick friend, and heaps of others; especially the Extraordinary Women" of Capri; while Compton Mackenzie and Christopher Stone provide the nearest approach we are given to a personal background which is permanent more or less. Altogether a delightfully readable book.

In the "Grand Hotel" Tradition

VICKI BAUM certainly made a pattern when she constructed her famous novel, "Grand Hotel," in the way she did. "Passenger List" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), by Olga L. Rosmanith, follows that pattern, only here the background is a liner going from San Francisco to New York. The

usual queer-to-queerer collection of people figure in the tale, their adventures being mostly amatory; though there is an attempted murder and a hurricane thrown in to add variety to the usual jealousies, misunderstandings and intrigues inseparable from love on board ship.

On the passenger-list is a film magnate and his utterly material wife; a young



MAJOR LEONARD HANDLEY'S NEW NOVEL John Lane will publish shortly before Christmas "Luxury Tour" (what a tantalising title!), the latest novel by Major Leonard Handley, M.C., F.R.G.S., author of "Hunter's Moon" and "Time's Delinquency," two travel books, and of "Remote Journey," a spy thriller. Major Handley (seen here with his wife and baby), who was formerly in the Indian Army and an extensive traveller, has now been recalled from the Reserve to the active list

actress travelling to New York with her crippled sister, whose mind is as warped as her body; two young doctors; a kind of professional love-maker; a young woman, trying to write for the films, and seeking to discover the easier way through the film magnate; an artist's model; and, holding all together in one social circle, including everyone else she could collect on board, a young widow, who was born to organise—and be liked or loathed, accordingly.

It is all very well mixed and, as a story, it moves at express speed. Something is always happening, or about to happen; and although you don't believe much in the reality of these people-and their creator scarcely ever gives them a chance to touch life, either by what they do or by what they say—you can't help being entertained. To follow them is rather like watching a number of people trying to get out of a very complicated maze and being amused or excited as you watch them. So, if you like a story of swift movement-and that is about all you ask of any novelthis is one you will thoroughly enjoy.



THOMAS ARMSTRONG ON THE MOORS

A fine first novel, published by Collins on October 17, is entitled "The Crowthers of Bankdam," by Thomas Armstrong, the story of a great Yorkshire wool-trade family, about which he writes from first-hand knowledge, having been born in the West Riding, and his own family having been connected for generations with the wool trade. The snapshot was taken on the Yorkshire moors, where Thomas Armstrong is now at work on a new novel

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ACTING PILOT OFFICER BASIL FOSTER

The famous actor-manager and one of a famous cricketing family who, after being at Malvern, all played for Worcestershire, and Basil Foster himself also for Middlesex. Basil Foster is now attached to the R.A.F. recruiting centre at Oxford. Of his stage career, which started in 1906, it would demand a whole volume to write. He was five years in distinguished management at the Shaftesbury Theatre, with

Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse



HELPING OXFORD'S A.R.P. WORKERS

Lady Joan Stebbing, Lord Amherst's elder sister, in the kitchen which she, with other willing helpers, runs to provide hot meals for Oxford's A.R.P. Rescue Squads. She married Mr. John Stebbing, formerly in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire L.I., in 1931

UP OXFORD WAY



DR. L. P. JACKS, PRINCIPAL OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

The famous scholar, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, photographed in the garden of his home at Shotover reading the illuminated address which was presented to him in commemoration of the occasion



A NOTABLE SNOOKER CONTEST AT THE MITRE

Jack Hylton just about to put the last colour down after a desperate battle with renowned and big-hearted comedian Arthur Askey, who is trying his best to look happy about it. As to Jack Hylton, wars may come and wars may go, but we still want his band



"RIDGEWAY'S
LATE JOYS"
MOVE
FROM COVENT
GARDEN
TO MAYFAIR

JOAN GATES, JOAN STERNDALE-BENNETT AND ARCHIE HARRADINE REHEARSING

Ridgeway's Late Joys had only three days to move from Covent Garden to premises previously occupied by El Morocco Night Club in Albemarle Street, which are underground; central-heated and air-conditioned, also soundproof, so that sirens may shriek and bombs may burst but will not interfere with Leonard Sachs' supper-time show

Photos.: Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"THE LOST CHILD"

Joan Sterndale-Bennett is a great favourite in this song of impersonations. She was a noticeable success in Herbert Farjeon's revue, In Town Again, which was unfortunate in opening simultaneously with the Blitzkrieg. Joan Sterndale-Bennett is the daughter of Mr. T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, the well-known entertainer and writer of over 300 songs



ARCHIE HARRADINE

A'truly topical and suitable song for the opening night of the Players' Theatre Club show, Ridgeway's Late Joys, was sung by Archie Harradine, in Cockney sporting attire, called "Stop as Long as You Used To." This entertainment starts at 7.30 p.m., instead of towards midnight as it did in pre-war days before bomb-dodging became one of the many forms of national sport and made early home-going desirable



HEDLI ANDERSON

Hedli Anderson sings "She Was Poor But She Was Honest," in a full Victorian satin dress, with great success. The dresses in this Victorian entertainment are in sharp contrast to the striptease performances which were a feature of the El Morocco Club, and one wonders if the "Naughty Nineties" type of audacity may not be just as amusing, if not more so

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HELEN Goss

Another charming member of the Players' Theatre Club, which is so ally run by Leonard Sachs (who took over after the death of Peter Ridgeway), a South African who, apart from all his theatrical work, broadcasts in Afrikaans to his countrymen



JOAN GATES A newcomer to London, wear-ing the mantle of Marie Lloyd, who sings the success of the show, "You Can't Do With-out a Girl"



"THE ASPIDISTRAS" Elsie French and John Mott, who give a special rendering of "Whispering Hope." Elsie French will be remembered for her famous interpretations in *The Beggar's* Opera and The Duenna. She is a favourite musical star



IN AN IMPROVISED DRESSING-ROOM Joan Gates, with Archie Harradine, Joan Sterndale-Bennett and Hedli Anderson

Leonard Sachs is the director and producer of Ridgeway's Late Joys, and superintends the smooth running of the Players' Theatre Club. Amongst other things, he had to prove to the police that the show and the club members were respectable before he could obtain a renewal of the licence. Their former premises at the late National Sporting Club were requisitioned for war purposes



HEDLI ANDERSON AND LEONARD SACHS HAVE A "QUICK ONE" DURING A DRESS REHEARSAL

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

Good Grousing

N excellent sign has recently mani-fested itself in the more heavily bombed areas of London. It is the manifestation of a strong tendency to grouse. The cheerfulness with which the population stuck out the first five weeks of heavy bombing was wholly admirable; but in my opinion a little too admirable. There seemed a slightly forced note and one wondered if it was possible really to be cheerful under those conditions. Then came the grousing. It was of the authentic, national brand. People groused because a certain road was kept closed a day longer than need be; or because débris was not being cleared away quickly enough; or because they had to take some different route to and from their work; or because private motorists were not allowed enough petrol; or because private motorists were allowed too much petrol.

It was eminently satisfactory to hear the good old grousing habit returning in full force. I personally looked upon it as the surest sign of all of a stiffening resistance. "Let the people sing," said Mr. Priestley in an inspired—but mistaken—moment. Let the people grouse is what I should say. There is nothing more completely satisfying to the ordinary Briton than a good grouse. The grouser feels his confidence in himself; his confidence that, however well those in charge are doing things, he could do them much better.

"Eagle" Squadron

am looking forward to seeing the "Eagle" Squadron, about which I wrote in a previous article, go into action with the Royal Air Force. Under Group Captain Charles Sweeny and the operational leadership of Squadron Leader Taylor, it is going to be a valuable unit, and my belief is that it will do great things. I was talking to a person eminent in the

world of aviation who recently made a trip to the United States and back, and his admiration for American aircraft and aeroengine construction and for American operating personnel knew no bounds. He is one who is not easily impressed, for he examines every-thing in a coldly logical manner; but American aircraft and air lines and pilots certainly did impress him. In the "Eagle"

Squadron are many front-rank American pilots. They will have the best fighter aircraft we can give them and we know that they are very good indeed. Nor do I think it will be long before the squadron goes into Meanwhile action. we must recognise the magnificent work being done by Polish, Czech, Dutch, Norwegian, Belgian and

French pilots, aircraft crews and mechanics who are working with the Royal Air Force.

ALTHOUGH our thoughts must so often be in the air in these times, it is important to keep our facts firmly anchored to the ground. There have been many



Fred Daniels

ELEVEN FIGHTS IN TEN HOURS Pilot Officer H. M. Stephen, who was awarded the D.F.C. for conspicuous exploits in action. At the time of going to press, his bag is fourteen enemy 'planes—five of them in one day! Nice going! He is probably the only officer who has managed to get into eleven fights in ten hours

fallacies widely published during this war and it is the duty of those who know to scotch them. There is the aerial torpedo fallacy, for instance, which I have mentioned more than once. An aerial torpedo, or gliding bomb, is a practical possibility and has been experimented with by many countries; but there is no positive evidence that any aerial torpedo has been used in this war up to the time of writing.

Then there is the question of whether a bomb which is falling directly towards a person can be heard by that person. Actually there is no reason why it should not be heard, for bombs do not reach the speed of sound even after a very long fall. vapour-trails created by fast aircraft flying high in certain conditions of humidity and temperature have been the subject of many misconceptions. Aeroplanes might use smoke-trails for signalling purposes; but as yet there is no evidence that they have ever done so in this war. Nor are these vapour-trails a positive sign that a fight is taking place. This was an error made by an important daily newspaper not long ago. Aeroplanes engaged in a dog-fight might make vapour-trails; but in that same region they would make the trails just the same if they were flying perfectly straight.

Cloud-Flying

THE Germans seized some of the days with ten-tenths cloud to come over in small numbers and drop bombs. Cloudflying has always been recognised as a means of avoiding a country's air defences. There was a special cloud-flying "circus" at a station I was at in 1918. The object is clear. It is to fly to some point near a chosen objective within clouds most of the way. Under these conditions the machine is safe from fighter attack. When its pilot judges from his navigational information that he is near the objective, he comes through the

clouds and has a quick look round for landmarks. If he spots one and can get a fix he may be able to locate and bomb his target before any sort of defensive action can be taken. He can then make good his escape by the same means. The method is a good one. But the way the Germans were using it struck me as foolish. For they often failed to locate their targets and, according to report, actually dropped some of their bombs when they were still flying within cloud. That is a futile method. The final step in all bombing must be the location of the target by eye. I suppose that it is just possible that in the future some means of obtaining a fix in space without view of any object on the ground might be



THE C.O. AND OFFICERS OF AN ARMY CO-OPERATION SQUADRON

This particular squadron left England immediately on the outbreak, and worked in France and over Belgium and Holland. It was engaged in both the Dunkirk and Calais operations. Of its members, P./O. Taylor, the Essex cricketer, P./O. Sinclair, a Canadian, and P./O. Clegg, who is not included in the picture, have won the D.F.C. The C.O., Wing Commander Stevens, has seen active service-in the East, and was at one time Assistant Air Attaché in Berlin

The names in the group are (l. to r.) (seated): F./O. G. Churton Knowles, Flt. Lieut. E. F. P. Wheller, Sq. Ldr. R. C. M. Ferrers, Wing Commander R. W. K. Stevens (C.O.), Flt. Lieut. E. Marler (Adjutant), Flt. Lieut. E. C. Inglefield, and F./O. G. F. Gregory; (standing) P./O.s P. H. R. Bristow, R. M. Taylor, D.F.C., R. M. P. Jenkyns, F./O.s E. F. Hawkins, C. S. Hinett, J. R. Valentine, Captain K. W. Hedges, R.A. (A.I.L.O.), P./O.s P. J. Duncan, F. G. Axtell, F. Barrett, B. Egan-Wyes; (at back) P./O.s G. L. Sinclair, D.F.C., G. E. Stone, and J. Rhind

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Captain and Mrs. John Gordon Hopton
Who were married at Chelsea Old Church last
week, the bridegroom being in the R.A. and
the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hopton of
Chute Manor, Andover, and the bride the former
Miss Barbara ("Bardie" to her hosts of friends)
Daniell, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Daniell.
The Bishop of Kensington and the Rev. R. E.
Sadlers were the officiating clergy, and Captain
J. M. Trusted, who is also in the Royal Regiment,
was the best man



The bride was Miss Gillian Hammond, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. E. Hammond and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Sutro. The wedding was at the Chelsea Registry Office



A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE WEDDING

F/O Ripley Oddie and his bride, who was Miss
Jeannette Kessler, a former ski-ing champion,
and is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward
Kessler and Mrs. Kessler, a snapshot taken as
they were leaving Ellesborough Church,
near Wendover, after their wedding last
week. The bridegroom is the only son of
the well-known former London coroner
and Mrs. Ingleby Oddie of Croxley
Green, Herts

RECENT WEDDINGS

IN THE



A YORKSHIRE WEDDING-AT FILEY

Second Lieutenant Sir Joseph and Lady Hewitt after their wedding at St. Oswald's Parish Church, Filey. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Burgess, of Deepdene, Filey, and the bridegroom is in an anti-tank gun unit, the people who make things unpleasant for the enemy. The bridegroom's seat is Gristhorpe Manor, Filey. He succeeded to the title in 1923

NORTH AND SOUTH



AT AN EDINBURGH WEDDING

Douglas Anderson, Lady Malvina Murray, Lord and Lady Mansfield's little daughter and Lord Fintier, a grandson of the Duke of Montrose, attendants at the Anderson-Jardine wedding. For the bride and bridegroom, see right. Pipe Major Ross piped them from the church



AND THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM Licut, and Mrs. Charles P. Anderson married at St. Giles' Cathedral, The bridegroom is the son of the late Licut.-Col. W. H. Anderson, V.C., and Mrs. Anderson. The bride was Miss Christian Jardine, daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Jardine

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LAVENDER, the Lovable Fragrance, makes a direct appeal to women who work in hospitals, canteens and other war activities, while men are enthusiastic about the shaving and other soaps created for them by the well-known firm of Yardley. There are the smelling salts for 'ls., well-nigh indispensable. They are really a necessity and not a luxury in cases of illness.

Again there is the purse bottle of the Lovable Fragrance for 1s. 6d.; naturally there are larger affairs, ranging in price from 4s. to 25s. In these days it is often difficult to obtain a bath, so attention must be drawn to the fact that Lavender Talc dusted over the body is very refreshing; it is merely 1s. 2d. The Lovable Fragrance specialities are sold practically everywhere. It is British Celanese Crêpe Satin which makes the simple pyjamas above, with their scalloped revers. Although decorative, they wear and wash extremely well. There are nightdresses in the same material, with petal sleeves edged with narrow lace. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of cami-knickers and vests carried out in Celanese crêpe de Chine. There will be no silk stockings, as silk is needed by the Government for things which will help us win the war. These accessories will for the time being be made in fine wools, great care being taken in the wearing that they shall flatter the calf line and fit snugly round the ankles. Some will have a plain mesh, others will be ribbed. And the colours? They will be gay, including such shades as emerald green and sapphire blue, also pastel tints and black sand.



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Pay yourself and your guests the compliment of giving them the best port

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A SKIRT with graduated knife edge pleats ALLROUND tapering off into a slim fitting hip line could only be made previously by hand, at a cost of from 4 to 6 gns. The "KONERAY" is this same beautiful style skirt made with mathematical accuracy, but sold at a third or so of this price. The reason . . . a patented process of machining. Why pay more? Get your "KONERAY" right away in any of the many quality materials in which it is available at your drapers or stores. Prices from 33/4.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THERE were murmurs aboard the merchant vessel when word spread among the crew that the ship would not after all put in at the next port, but merely drop the mail into a small boat and go on. The ship had not put into any port for many weeks.

The disappointment was too much for one man, who leaped into the sea and started to

swim for the shore.

The captain ordered a member of the crew to go after him and bring him back before he reached land. An excited look-out kept all on deck posted regarding the progress of the

"He's gaining! He's gaining! Two hundred yards! Fifty yards!" In a dozen strokes he'll have him! Five more strokes! A yard to go-Great Scott!"

"What is it? What is it?" asked the

skipper.
"He's passed him!"

The hill-billy was sound asleep on the porch. His barefooted son came over and shook

"Dinner's ready, pa," he announced. The mountaineer opened a sleepy eye. "Whut are yer talkin' about," he drawled.

"Didn't I jest eat a while ago?"

"Sure, pa," nodded the boy, "But that was breakfast. This time it's dinner."

The weary hill-billy arose with a groan. "Doggone it all," he grumbled. "If it ain't one thing, it's another!"

He was very fond of a game of golf, but unfortunately his skill was not as great as his enthusiasm. He was just coming to play his tenth stroke between holes very much in the rough, when he turned angrily to his caddie.

"Look here." he exclaimed angrily to his caddle, "why do you keep looking at your watch?"

The caddie grinned.

"It ain't a watch, sir; it's a compass."

The young man wrapped his arms around the lovely blonde.

"My darling," he breathed, "you're all the world to me. I don't know what I'd do without you. I love-

At that moment the doorbell rang. The blonde jumped. "It's my fiancé," she gasped.

You must leave at once. Please hurry! "The young man looked round nervously. "But how am I going to leave you?" he asked. "I can't go out by the door. Your fiancé would see me."

The blonde thought quickly. "Jump out of the window," she advised.

The young man turned white, "But, darling, we're on the thirteenth floor."

The blonde stamped her foot. "So what?" she snapped. "Don't tell me your superstitious?" The Arctic explorer knocked at the door of the Eskimo's house. The Eskimo answered the

'Hallo,' greeted the explorer. "Can you direct me to the North Pole?"

"That's easy," returned the Eskimo. "You're at the North Pole now."

The explorer's eyes widened. He pointed

around at the icy wastes.
"You mean," he cried, "that this is the North Pole right here?'

The Eskimo nodded solemnly.

"It is," he asserted.

The explorer waved his arms wildly. "Hooray!" he shouted. "Hooray!"
The Eskimo blew on his frost-bitten fingers.

Stick around awhile, buddy," he chattered, "and you'll change your mind!



THE STAGE THROWS A CONCERT FOR THE R.A.F.

The location of this entertainment is strictly verboten, but anyway, it was a bumper success and above are some of the audience and aiders and abetters. The names are l. to r. across the picture (back): S/Ldr. R. Edwards, P/O H. H. Dicken, Mr. Dickie ("Large Lumps") Hassett, Mrs. Arthur Prince, Air Commodore H. MacNeece Foster (A.O.C. a Bomber Command); (front row) Mrs. B. Furber, Miss Pamela Smylie, Lord Nuffield, Mrs. K. Knocker and F/O B. Furber

A young and nervous clergyman was about to preach his first sermon. He stood in the vestry fingering his collar and wondering if his hair was tidy. He noticed there was no mirror on the wall.

"Could you get me a glass?" he whispered

to the verger.
"I'll do my best," said the verger.

The clergyman waited patiently. Presently the verger returned with something concealed under his coat. All the choirboys watched the scene with interest.

"I managed to get a whole bottle by saying it was for you," the verger said, proudly-and produced a bottle of beer.



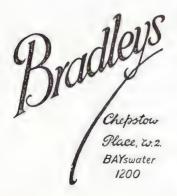
Some More Who Were at the Concert

Another group at this concert organized for the few to whom so many owe so much and l. to r. the names read: P/O F. Watkinson, Ft./Lt. I. Davies, Group Captain G. C. Smylie (commanding an R.A.F. Station), Mrs. I. Davies and Mrs. F. Cunningham-Watkinson





Slim-fitting, lightweight coats in various shades of dyed Ermine are featured in the winter collection of original models designed and made in the Bradley workrooms at Chepstow Place. Two typically distinctive examples, available in both dyed Russian and dyed Canadian Ermine, are illustrated.





The Way of the War-(Continued from page 139)

Hitler Goes on Tour

Four months after totally defeating France, Hitler, the great dictator of Europe, finds it necessary to go on tour; to visit Paris and to request a conversation with M. Laval. One might have expected the Head of the victim country to be ordered to visit the conqueror. Yet Hitler was content to talk matters over with a deputy and through him, we are told, to transmit an invitation to Marshal Petain. Even more remarkable, perhaps, he makes the long journey to the Spanish frontier in order to meet General Franco.

In advance of full knowledge it is rash to speculate on what passed. General Franco has always admired Germany as a military machine. He will certainly have been interested to meet the dynamic Führer. Yet it is hard to escape the conclusion that Hitler requested the meeting because of his own urgent necessity. It will not be surprising to find that the main object was to present to the world a picture of Europe now well able to settle down happily under the new Nazi-Fascist Order; that only selfish Britain bars the path; that the United States will be prolonging bloodshed if they continue to back Britain; and a vote for Roosevelt is a vote for continued misery in Europe.

Mr. Kennedy and the President

All this by-play becomes more easily understandable when we know that Mr. Kennedy made up his mind some time ago to "get even" with Mr. Roosevelt. The ambassador feels that he has been slighted by the State Department and the White House. Instead of accepting without question Mr. Kennedy's reports on the way of the war Mr. Roosevelt has thought it prudent to send independent investigators to London. One of the most important was Colonel "Bill" Donovan, of whom I wrote in these notes at the time. Whereas Mr. Kennedy's reports had been blackly pessimistic about Britain's chances, Colonel Donovan thought we were "doing fine."

No useful point would be served by going into all the little matters

No useful point would be served by going into all the little matters which have led to a growing estrangement between the President and the ambassador of his earlier choice for the key position in London. Unfortunately, it now appears that Mr. Kennedy feels so keenly on the subject that he has insisted on returning to the States in time to cast his weight into the scales of the election against Mr. Roosevelt. Before he left England he had drafted the newspaper articles whereby he will justify this step and seek to secure Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

On the day Mr. Kennedy left England a shrewd old judge of American electioneering said the betting had now shortened to even money in the race for the Presidency. Can Mr. Roosevelt, with his keen political sense and admirable radio personality stop the rot that has obviously set in? Can Germany pull another trick at the last minute to make his fight more difficult? If Hitler can do so he will; and it looks as though it would be a "peace in Europe if only selfish Britain would stop" move. We shall know the answers to these questions almost at once.



A FAMOUS ARTIST SKETCHING IN AID OF THE R.A.F. COMFORTS' FUND Mr. II. II. Harris, the well-known humorist artist whose work is so familiar to readers of this paper and *The Bystander*, is on a sketching tour in the midlands in his caravan and doing pictures at half-a-crown a time in aid of the fund. Here he is with one of his sitters



"Her steps are of light, her home is the air"

Thomas Moore

A few Friends and a Gramophone—and one or two Cocktails if it will run to it—and you can happily forget the worries of the times for an hour or two between duties. Not an occasion for an assertive perfume, but the quiet, wistful beauty of the Yardley Lavender would be charming and it would add immensely to your enjoyment.



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* Talc 1/2 Lavendomeal 3/-

* Face Powder 2/-

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EXSENVIEMEN
OF ALL
WARS
**
PLEASE BE VERY
GENEROUS

NOV. II

THE 20,000 miles of motoring which have been carried out on my present $4\frac{1}{4}$ litre Bentley have been absolutely free from any form of mechanical trouble. Such reliability can be claimed by very few cars particularly when it is remembered that mine is always driven at the absolute maximum speed conditions permit. Unquestionably, the Bentley can maintain very high averages over long distances on account of its high engine performance and road-holding qualities, but it is a more remarkable feat of craftsmanship which gives such results with total absence of fatigue to person or car . . . Owner's Letter.

BENTLEY

THE SILENT SPORTS CAR

Bentley Motors (1931) Limited

15 Conduit Street, London, W.1

Social Round-About

(Continued from page 148)

Heligon is another lovely house, about four miles from St. Austell, with a show garden full

of all sorts of exotic semi-tropical plants and shrubs. The Williamsons live there. Their eldest son, Tom, who is a captain in the Inniskilling Dragoons, got a D.S.O. in France, and has an extremely attractive red-headed wife whose maiden name was Ross.

Musical people can have a free treat by going to the cathedral in Truro, as the St. Paul's Choir School has evacuated there, and performs with the regular choristers.

The cathedral is mid-Victorian, very big and high, and was built by Archbishop Benson, father of the famous "E.F." The choir boys wear Elizabethan ruffs, and the bishop and canons delightful pale blue silk capes, which is all very picturesque.

Squirrel Joke

Every one has had their crack about Lord Woolton at last week's public luncheon. He gave most encouraging accounts of our hidden food stores, and it appears that, like the squirrel, he has hoarded for the winter, but, unlike that animal he remembers where, nor is it all in one place.

At the luncheon was the usual mixture of diplomats and doctors, admirals and actors, and so on. It is splendid the way public luncheons really do attract the public: imagine how dreadful if committees were formed, hotels hired, speakers collected, the word that tickets might be bought sent round, and nobody

32 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4 Price 3/10 per copy. Post Free came. But mercifully most people take an interligent interest in life, even when being as nagged by war as at the moment, and the introverts who prefer to eat bread and cheese in their own homes are not very prevalent.



WEDDING AT HARROW-ON-THE-HILL

Flying Officer Philip Richardson Crompton, eldest surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Crompton, of Betton Hall, Market Drayton, was married on October 18 at Christ Church, Roxeth Hill, Harrowon-the-Hill, to Miss Cecily Orton, only daughter of the late Brigadier-General S. B. Orton, C.B., and of Mrs. Orton. Brook Avenue, Harrow

Gas

A bomb in the road outside a large hotel broke a gas main with very smelly results. The windows of the hotel's lounge were immediately above this unlucky spot, and Sunday

afternoon inmates seemed more than usually sleepy. I felt awful after an hour or two, but didn't realize why until I got away, and instantly revived. It was being quickly dealt with, so presumably the minor crisis is over long ago, and the old ladies and well-fed gentlemen who strew the lounge in question have not had more than temporary extra anxiety about the states of their blood pressure and liver

Splash

There must have been the most marvellous splash, perhaps even large-scale games of ducks and drakes when the bomb fell into the Serpentine. It displaced a few tiles from the roof of the Royal Humane Society boathouse, but did not seriously damage that proud emblem of the right idea.

It is not necessary to add that no damage was caused to patrons of London's Lido, for, with wintry winds on the wing it is only the hardiest who go in for open air swimming.

To Our Readers: Owing to exceptional circumstances, readers of The Tatler may receive delivery later than the publishing date. Although making every effort to arrange for punctual delivery, our readers are nevertheless requested to accept their copies should there be delay owing to conditions over which our publisher has no control.



THE TATLER IN WARTIME

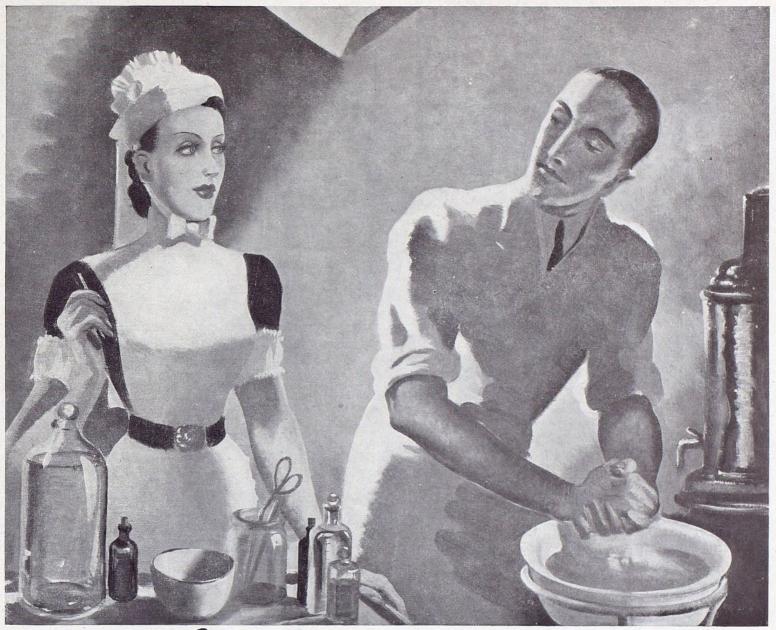
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Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY Nerina Shute, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT & HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT. ILLUSTRATED BY Anna Zinkeisen, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

He: (Sarcastically) What's the idea of lipstick, Nurse! Don't you find it sends up the temperature of your male patients?

She: No, but a pretty face cheers people up . . . there's enough ugliness in the world without women adding to it, Doctor.

He: I admit that you're very lovely . . . but a beautiful woman is out of place in a hospital.

She: Why? Men always forgive a beautiful woman for being useless . . . but they can't forgive her for being useful!

He: That's because useful women generally look as though they wished to frighten us away.

She: Forgive me, but you're wrong! The modern woman is a dual purpose woman . . . in-

terested in being both attractive and useful.

He: (Smiling) That may be true . . . anyway, I'm willing to be convinced.

She: Of course, I don't believe any man likes a woman to look artificial. What I use is Pomeroy skin-food . . . and just a little Pomeroy lipstick and eye make-up.

He: (Surprised) Do you mean to say you put eye-black on your lashes?

She: Of course I do! But everybody thinks it's natural and I don't usually give away the secret.

He: Just like a woman to deceive ... by the way, Nurse, would you care to lunch with me on your next day off?



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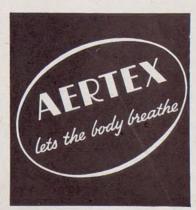


The toothbrush with a PLAN

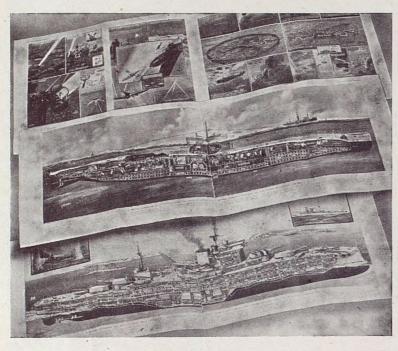
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